

Hide and Seek

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION

BY
"FREEMANTLE"

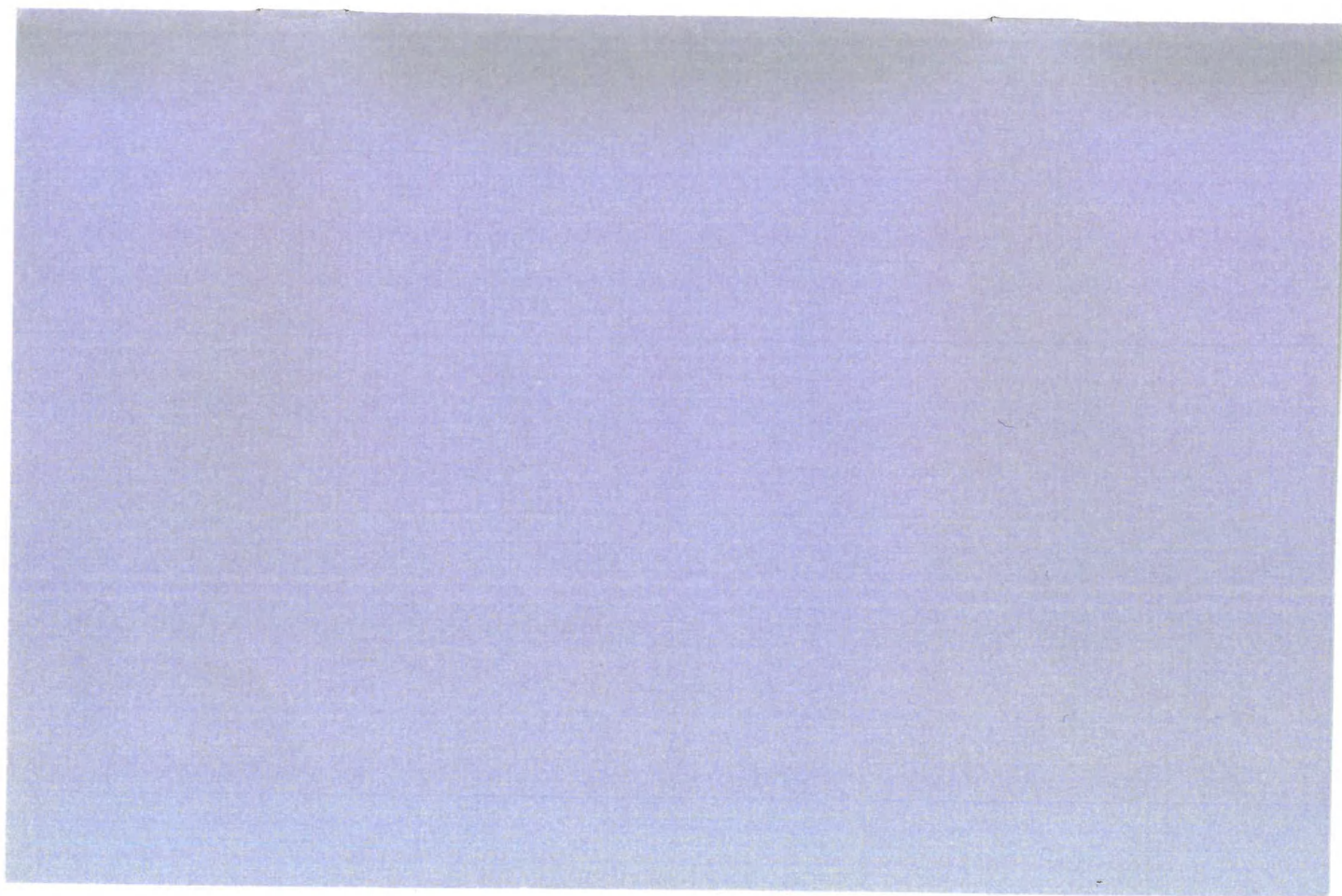
ONE HUNDRED & SEVENTH YEAR

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COUPON
2004



RULES

1. The answers with full references and with the Coupon attached, must be sent in by November 1st 2004 to:- MISS ASPINALL, 38 ABINGDON ROAD, LONDON W8 6AS, and the letters 'H. & S.' clearly written on the envelope.
2. By full reference is meant, author, title, volume, book, chapter, act, scene, etc. and verse or line, except in the case of very short poems. In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. The quotations are from English and American literature only. No author is quoted more than once.
4. Twenty marks will be given for any answers found by only one competitor and ten marks for any answers found by only two competitors.
5. Papers will be returned with Answer Sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
6. Orders for the 2005 edition of Hide and Seek can be sent to:- MISS ASPINALL, 38 ABINGDON ROAD, LONDON W8 6AS. Price £1.50.

JANUARY

I

Hark, it's midnight, children dear.
Duck! Here comes another year!

II

Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adornings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright.

III

At midnight on the Emperor's pavements flit
Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
When blood-begotten spirits come
And all complexities of fury leave.

IV

Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime,
Infrangible and lonely, smooth as though cast
Together in one merciless white blade -- --
The bay estuaries fleck the hard sky limits.

V.

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato -- -- --

VI

Seed-pearl drizzle at midnight sifting softly
Out of a wide white luminous windless sky
The light of maximum moon diffused through gauzes
Blind as the gaze of a white blind eye

FEBRUARY

I

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;

II

But now two ghosts walk showing each to each
The empty grace of ceremonious speech,
And I am frightened, and the air is stale.

III

Is it much easier
to hold on with one's fear,
to grip a rifle in the frightened air,
crouched on the knees
to wait the word to fire ?

IV

See, they return, one, and by one,
With fear, as half awakened;
As if the snow should hesitate
And murmur in the wind, and half turn back;

V

The frosts of many a wind with dead leaves fill
Earth's cold and sullen brooks; in silence, still
The pale survivors stood; ere noon, the fear
Of Hell became a panic, which did kill
Like hunger or disease with whispers drear.

VI.

Then moved my fingers off
As cautiously as glass,
And held my ears, and like a thief
Fled gasping from the house.

MARCH

I

That name was shouted near the pyramidal
AEgyptian tombs, whose mummied habitants,
Packed to humanity's significance,
Motioned it back with stillness,

II

How can they use such names and be not humble?
I have sat silent, angry at what they uttered.
The dead bequeathed them life; the dead have said
What they can only memorize and mumble.

III

The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in astronomy,
And an omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men.

IV

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

V

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
Not one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop – only a name.

VI

Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask –
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card – or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth ?

APRIL

I

And one green spear
Stabbing a dead leaf from below
Kills winter at a blow.

II

Though the myrtle asks if it's worth the fight
This year with frost and rime
To venture one more time
On delicate leaves and buttons of white
From the self-same bough as at last year's prime,
And never ruminates or remember
What happened to it in mid December.

III

When Zephius eek with his sweet breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halve cours yronne
and smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye.

IV

How love burns through the Putting in Seed
On through the watching for that early birth
Then, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,
The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

V

With still small voice divineller whispering
– Lifting the green head of the aconite,
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel shoot –
She feels God's finger active at the root,
Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

VI

One bud like pearl, and then two fairy roses
Blanched and yet ardent in their glowing hearts;
One greenish berry spangling into yellow
Where the light touched the seed: One fruit achieved
And ripe, an odorous vermilion ball.

MAY

I

If two may read aright
These rhymes of old delight
And house and garden play.
You two, my cousins, and you only, may –

II

... But I have cousins sprinkled about in Hertfordshire –
besides two with whom I have been all my life in habits
of closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins par
excellence ... They are older than myself by twelve
and ten years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters
of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives
which primogeniture confers.

III

O' coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love!

IV

... – looked at her a moment; she was unexpectedly pretty,
'You may have him altogether' he then replied.
The young lady seemed to have a great deal of confidence,
both in herself and in others; but this abrupt generosity made
her blush, 'I ought to tell you that I'm probably your cousin,'
she brought out, putting down the dog.

V

And so do his sisters and, his cousins and his aunts
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

VI

Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway,
Ducke in his trowes hath he hent,
Not to be spied by ladies gent,
"But lo! our nephew" crieth one,
"Ho !" quoth another, 'Cozen John,"

JUNE. Set by Mrs Haigh.

I

But to a grave man, he doth move no more
Than the wise politique horse would heretofore
Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spaine to you.

II

The World is full of Elephants
The baby ones and taller ones
African elephants have big ears
The Indian ones have smaller ones.

III

Think big, they said, when
I was a little elephant; they
wanted to get me used to it.

IV

Then I saw the elephant a—waving of his trunk,
Then I saw the monkeys — mercy, how unpleasantly they — smelt,

V

Golden dragons on the sand —
Dragons that must, steaming, die
From the hot sun's agony —
When elephants of royal blood,
Plod to be through lilled mud.

VI.

A tail behind, a trunk in front,
Complete the usual elephant,
The tail in front, the trunk behind,
Is what you very seldom find.

JULY

I

Out of the voices of night,
Beyond lust and fear,
To the level waters of moonlight,
To the level waters quiet and clear,
To the black unresting plains of the calling sea.

II

... we remember when the sand falls out on the carpet
Or the exiled shell complains or a wind round the corner
Carries the smell of wrack or the taste of salt, or a wave
Touched to steel by the moon twists a gimlet in memory.
Round the corner is – sooner or later – the sea.

III

Singing most joyfully.
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea.

IV

... Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth;
whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul,
whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin
warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral
I meet – – – then I account it high time to get to sea as
soon as I can.

V

Here, in this little Bay.
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down

VI

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, formless,
enormous and growing –
Stark calm on the lap of the line or the crazy-eyed
hurricane blowing –
His Sea in no showing the same – his Sea and the same –
'neath each showing:
His Sea as she slackens or thrills.

AUGUST

I

The pale grey wings, the pale blue sky;
The tiny sun's sharp shine,
The engines drone, or rather sigh;
A single calm design.

II

... The thin struts of steel, incredibly fragile, swung slowly
across the gleam and glint far below, where the wide country
dizzied out and spread like a revolving map. In front
the sleek leather back of his companion humped stubbornly,
sheeted with rain. He hoped that Grant was feeling confident.

III

And the grass of the airfield grows smooth as a fur.
The runway's elastic and we the projectile;
Installations control-tower mechanics parked aeroplanes –
Units all woven to a ribbon unreeling,
Concrete melts and condenses to an abstract
Blur ...

IV

With burring furred antennae feeling its hug path
Through dusk, the airliner with shut off engines
Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall
To point the wind. Gently, broadly she falls,
Scarcely disturbing currents of air.

V

Perhaps not his time, then.
But the possibility of impossibility will keep drawing us back
to the scrape against the numbed sky,
to the sleek sheathed tangle of colour-coded wires, these
million rivets, this wing
like a frozen lake at your elbow.

VI

No shadow – – simply the winking grains
Of all those minutes which fire and flare
Along the runways that lead to darkness:
And, beyond, the calm patterns of the stars,
The bearings which fix our new arrivals.

SEPTEMBER

I

He read no book, he snuffed no candle;
The rats ran in, the rats ran out;
And far and near the drip of water
Went whispering about.

II

Still stable
On the table
Two long-stemmed glasses,
One full of drink
Watch how the rat among the vines passes
And how the moon trembles on the crag's brink,

III

And owl screaming as it bounces nigh
That from some barn hole pops and hurries bye
Scared at the cat upon her nightly watch
For rats that come for dew upon the thatch.

IV

... The old woman's face was wrinkled; her two remaining
teeth protruded over her under lip; and her eyes were bright
and piercing. – was afraid to look at her or the man.
They seemed so like the rats he had seen outside,

V

Night veiled the pole: all seemed serene:
When, led by instinct sharp and sure
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long backed, long tailed, with whiskered snout
And badger-coloured hide

VI

Then boys from daily tether.
With famous dogs at heel
In starlight meet together
And to farther hedges steal;
Where rats are pattering
In and out the stacks.

OCTOBER

I

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon.

II

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

III

... in the centre of the procession came the Abbot, surrounded
by his assistants. He was dressed in his habit of high
solemnity, and appeared as much unconcerned as if he had been
taking his usual part on some ordinary ceremony. After him
came the inferior persons of the convent; the novices in their
albs and the lay brethren.

IV

Perhaps we should let her go,
or deliver her straight off
to the nearest convent – and wasn't
her month up last week, anyway?

V

Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand
(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent.

VI

Line after line my gushing eyes o'flow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom

NOVEMBER.

I

She drove in the dark to leeward
She struck – not reef or rock
But the combs of a smother of sand: night drew her
Dead to the Kentish Knock.

II

What though the sea be calme ? Trust to the shore:
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't before.

III

... A little way from the Point rises a low long line
of black broken jagged teeth of cruel rocks, called the
Stag's Horns. This was where the wheat ship struck last
Tuesday and there were her top masts standing up a little
above the water at low tide, with a red flag still flying.

IV

Dream after dream I see the wrecks that lie
Unknown of man, unmarked upon the charts.
Known of the flat-fish with the withered eye
And seen by women in their aching hearts.

V

The sides burst in, and the masts
Broke, and one huge white sail
Flowed beautiful over the sea
Till the suck drew it under.

VI

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

DECEMBER

I

St Herbert hither came,
And here, for many seasons, from the world
Removed, and the affections of the world,
He dwelt in solitude.

II

as Saint Francis
put his hand on the creased forehead
of the — — , and told her in words and in touch
blessings of earth on the — — .

III

The Saint Warbarghe he arose,
Doffed his honours and fine clothes;
Preaching his Lord Jesus name,
To the land of Wessex came,
Where black Severn rolls his tide.

IV

The saint is kneeling, arms stretched out, inside
His cell, but the cell is narrow, so
One turned-up palm is out the window, stiff
As a crossbeam,

V

Saint Antony in the sand saw shapes rising,
Formed by the wind, sinuous lewd
As snakes dancing,

VI

St Caradoc blest the woods of ash
Bent landwards by the western lash,
He loved the veined threshold stones
Where sun might sometime bleach his bones.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2003

JANUARY 'Queen Elizabeth'

- I Austin Dobson. *A Ballad of Queen Elizabeth* last verse.
- II Dickens. *A Child's History of England* Ch. XXXL.
- III Masfield. *Midsummer Night* v2.
- IV Charles Kingsley. *Dedication to Westward Ho!*
- V Spencer. *The Fairy Queen* Bk4 Dedication.
- VI Sir J. Davies. *To the Spring* v3 1-5.

FEBRUARY 'Fathers'

- I Seamus Heaney. *The Strand*.
- II Stewart Corner. *To My Father* v5 1-4.
- III Elizabeth Jennings. *Father to Son* v4 1-4.
- IV Howard Nemerov. *The First Day of School* v4 1-4.
- V Ben Jonson. *On My First Son* 5-8.
- VI F. R. Higgins. *Father and Son* v2.

MARCH 'Water'

- I Louis McNeice. *Wolves* 1-4.
- II Philip Larkin. *Water* v4.
- III D. G. Rossetti. *The Stream's Secret* last verse.
- IV A Motion. *Fresh Water* 23-27.
- V William Plomer. *The Victoria Falls* v2.
- VI May Sarton. *A Glass of Water* 7-10.

APRIL 'Doves'

- I George Mackay Brown. *The Rackwick Dove* ch5 & 6.
- II George Darling. *The Doves* 19-24.
- III Andrew Young. *The Stockdoves* v2.
- IV Herbert Reed. *The Falcon and the Dove* v2.
- V William Drummond. *Madrigal* 4-7
- VI J. Clare. *January. A Cottage Evening*.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2003

MAY 'Butterflies'

- I Kipling. *The Butterfly that Stamped* v2.
- II J. E. Flecker. *The Blue Noon* 1-6.
- III Blake. *The Book of Thel* 16-18.
- IV Frost. *Pod of the Milkweed* 21-25.
- V Edith Sitwell. *Butterfly Weather* last verse.
- VI W. H. Davies. *Days too Short* v2.

JUNE 'Light'

- I H. A. Fanthorpe. *Post-op* 5,6,7.
- II Dylan Thomas. *Light Breaks* v5 1-5.
- III T. S. Eliot. *The Rock* Chorus, 20-23.
- IV William Watson. *Leavetaking* v1.
- V A. S. J. Tessimond. *A Hot Day* 7-11.
- VI Mary Coleridge. *Chillingham* pt.2 v2.

JULY 'Vicars'

- I Pope. *Dr Swift* 17-22.
- II Flora Thompson. *Lark Rise* Ch.XIV.
- III S. T. Coleridge. *The Three Graves* 306-309.
- IV Peacock. *Gryll Grange* Ch.III.
- V Praed. *The Vicar* v7 1-6.
- VI Goldsmith. *The Deserted Village* v10.

AUGUST 'The Alps'

- I Byron. *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* LXV 1-5
- II T. L. Beddoes. *Alpine Spirit's Song* VIII 7-11.
- III Shelley. *Mont Blanc* vIV 100-106.
- IV Basil Bunting. *On the Flyleaf of Pound's Cantos* v2.
- V A. B. Housman. *The Shades of Night*. Whole poem.
- VI Hardy. *Zermatt to the Matterhorn* v2 1-5.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2003

SEPTEMBER 'Silence'

- I Ruth Pitter. *Of Silence and the Air* v5.
- II V. H. Auden. *In Memory of W. B. Yeats* v3,5 and 6.
- III Richard Church. *The Mountain Lake* 5-8.
- IV J. Turner. *Silence* v3
- V Edgar A. Poe. *Sonnet - Silence* 5-9.
- VI Thomas Hood. *Silence* 2-5.

OCTOBER 'Beds'

- I James Thomson. *In the Room* v17 1-5.
- II William Morris. *Inscription from an old bed*.
- III A. D. Hope. *The Bed* v3
- IV Crabbe. *The Borough* Letter XI 109-112.
- V Samuel Daniel. *The Complaint of Rosamund*
- VI Harold Monro. *Everything* v3 4-8.

NOVEMBER 'Lighthouses'

- I Sir Walter Scott. *Pharos*.
- II Charles Causley. *HMS Eclipse Approaches Freetown*.
- III Elizabeth Bishop. *Seascape* 14-19.
- IV Longfellow. *The Lighthouse* vII 1-4.
- V R. L. Stevenson. *The Lighthouse Keeper* 1869 to 1879.
- VI Marianne Moore. *Light is Speech* 7-13

DECEMBER 'Whiteness'

- I Betjeman. *Afternoon Service at St Enodoc* v4
- II Bridges. *Spring goeth all in White* v2.
- III Herman Melville. *Moby Dick* ch.XLII.
- IV Whittier. *Snowbound* v7.
- V Herrick. *Hesperides to Electra* 1-3.
- VI John Keats. *I stood Tiptoe ...* 57-60

MARKS LIST 2003

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

Mrs A. J. Turner 710+20+20+10 780

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Alan Hollinghurst 670

THIRD PRIZE WINNERS

S. A. Osborn & Family 660
 J. A. Taylor 650
 Lucy Grose 640
 Mrs I. Woodhead 610+10 620
 M. P. Hodgart 600
 Virginia Edwards & Hester Williams 530
 Hilary Adams & Beryl Cawood 530
 Mike & Penelope Pattinson 520
 Meryl Foster 510
 Tom Durham 495
 David Robinson & Mrs Barbara Robinson 490
 Timothy D'Arch Smith 485
 June Walker 480
 Gerard Benson 460
 Mrs P. J. Pearce 390
 John & Jean Blencowe 320
 Olga Easy 305
 Geraldine Murray 280
 Rebecca Lehmann 190

NOTES

2003 seems to have been quite a difficult year, though Angela Turner, winning for the second year running, surpassed anything which has been done within my memory, achieving three straight 20s, and a 10, which she shared with Irene Woodhead, as well!

It has certainly been a difficult year for me. The postal strike closed everything down when only seven entries had arrived, and lasted for three weeks. Since it ended, your entries have been coming in in twos and threes, wholly unconnected with when they were sent. Four of the faithful are still outstanding (it is now November 11th) but I must not wait any longer if Hide and Seek is to be ready for Christmas. So my apologies to anyone who is not on the Marks List.

This has been a rushed job, and pretty desperate. So please forgive any mistakes I may, and probably have, made!

I hope that the 2004 edition will emerge into a calmer atmosphere, and will prove enjoyable

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

and the best of luck.

FREEMANTLE

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